And with a looke ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had beene looſed out of hell
To ſpeake of horrors, he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Ophel. My Lord I doe not know,
But truely I doe feare it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Ophel. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow
He falls to ſuch peruſall of my face
As a would draw it: long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus waving up and downe,
He raiſed a ſigh ſo piteous and profound
As it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being: that done, he lets me goe,
And with his head over his ſhoulders turn'd
Hee ſeem'd to finde his way without his eyes;
For out of doores he went without their helpes,
And to the laſt bended their light on me.
Pol. Come, goe with me, I will goe ſeeke the King,
This is the very extaſie of love,
Whoſe violent property forgoes it ſelfe,
And leads the will to deſperate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſions under heaven
That does afflict our natures: I am ſorrie;
What? have you given him any hard words of late?
Ophel. No my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repell his letters, and deni'd
His acceſſe to me.
Pol. That hath made him mad:
I am ſorrie that with better heed and judgement
I had not coated him; I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee, but beſhrew my jealouſie;
By heaven it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond our ſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort

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